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CREATIVITY

The Brand New Tennessee Waltz

Oh my, but you have a pretty face You favor a girl that I knew I imagine that she's still in Tennessee And by God I should be there too I've a sadness too sad to be true

(in 3/4)

A---/DEA-/D-A-/E-A-/

But I left Tennessee in a hurry, dear The same way that I'm leavin' you 'Cause love is mainly just memories And everyone's got him a few So when I'm gone I'll be glad to love you

At the brand new Tennessee waltz You're lit'rally waltzing on air At the brand new Tennessee waltz There ain't no tellin' who will be there

D-A-/--E-/D-A-/-E A-

When I leave it'll be like I found you, love Descending Victorian stairs I'm feeling like one of your photographs I'm trapped while I'm putting on airs And getting even by asking "Who cares?"

So have all of your passionate violins Play a tune for a Tennessee kid Who's feeling like leaving another town With no place to go if he did 'Cause they'll catch you wherever you're hid

— Jesse Winchester

© 1969 Fourth Floor Music Inc./Hot Kitchen Music (ASCAP). Used by permission. — On his Let the Rough Side Drag & Jesse Winchester, Baez Blessed Are, Gr H & Country Music Alb, Colleen Peterson Beginning to Feel Like Home, Sam Cooke The Legendary, Bromberg Demon in Disguise & Stephane Grappelli & Vassar Clements Together at Last (FF). In SO! 23:1 & Reprints #8.

Dancing at Whitsun

It's fifty long springtimes since she was a bride And still you may see her at each Whitsuntide In a dress of white linen & ribbons of green As green as her memories of loving

(in 3/4)

D - - A - / D Em - G A - / D A Bm A / D Em ADD D

The feet that were nimble tread carefully now As gentle a measure as age will allow Thru groves of white blossoms, by fields of young corn As once she was pledged to her true love

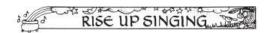
The fields they stand empty, the hedges grow free No young men to tend them, or pastures go seed They are gone where the forests of oaks went before And gone to be wasted in battle

Down from the green farmlands & from their loved ones Marched husbands & brothers & fathers & sons There's a fine roll of honor where the Maypole once stood And the ladies go dancing at Whitsun

There's a straight row of houses in these latter days All covering the downs where the sheep used to graze There's a field of red poppies, a wreath from the Queen But the ladies remember it's Whitsun And the ladies go dancing at Whitsun

— w: John Austin Marshall,

— m: trad English "The Week before Easter" & "I Once Loved a Lass"
© John Austin Marshall. All rights reserved. — This song is abt Morris dancing. Traditionally these dances were only performed by the men in the particular Cotswolds village a given group of dances were identified with. In some villages where the male population was so decimated by WWI that a "side" of 6 men could not be formed, the women began doing the dances to keep the tradition alive. On Priscilla Herdman Water Lilies. Tune: Penguin B of Eng FS.



Do Re Mi

(intro) Let's start at the very beginning A very good place to start
When you read you begin with A, B, C
When you sing you begin with do re mi (3x)
The first 3 notes just happen to be
Do re mi (children:) do re mi
Do re mi fa so la ti -

(spoken: Come! I'll make it easier for you. Listen:)

G -/GD G/F C/FG C - -/G C/- - /- CG G

Doe – a deer, a female deer Ray – a drop of golden sun Me – a name I call myself Far – a long, long way to run Sew – a needle pulling thread La – a note to follow "sew" Tea – a drink with jam & bread That will bring us back to Doe

C-/G-/C-/G-/CF/DG/EAmC7/FGC

— w: Oscar Hammerstein II — m: Richard Rodgers

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Fashioned in the Clay

When it seems like everyone is worried for themselves Making plans for fallout shelters, stocking up the shelves Living in the fast lane, staying high at night Thinking that by accident we'll blow out all the lights

(capo up) G D C G/C G D -/ 1st /C G D G

Look now at the potter whose wheel is spinning round Shaping with her hands the past & future from the ground Cups that will be filled & drunk so warm in wintertime Plates & bowls for dinners served by candlelight with wine

And <u>she</u> believes, <u>she</u> believes [later v: he, they, we] By <u>her</u> work it's so easy to see That the future is more than the following day It's fashioned securely in the clay

G-D-/Em C D-/Em C G C/G D G-

Now come see the farmer working in his fields Hoping for the sun & rain to guarantee his yields Like a seed the wind has blown to unfamiliar ground He waits to see what fate will bring as each year rolls around

Elsewhere there are lovers in a warm embrace Happy with their plans to carry on the human race Now their baby cries & wonders if it's all alone Soft the voices reassure, there'll always be a home

So if you had been worried that tomorrow wouldn't come Look to see the ones whose lives are following the sun And the hope that springs so clearly from the work they do Will spread a little farther when it's found a place in you

- Elmer Beal

© 1983 Elmer Beal, Jr (ASCAP). Used by permission. — In the collection Elmer's Spring Bouquet & on Bok, Muir & Trickett Fashioned in the C,au (Folk Legacy), New Folk Favorites (Hal Leonard).



You ask me why I'm sighing, my son You shall inherit what your elders have done In a world filled with sorrow & woe If you ask me why this is so, I really don't know

Tell me why you're smiling, my son
Is there a secret you can tell everyone?
Do you know more than those who are wise
Can you see what we all must disguise thru your loving eyes?

— Peter Yarrow

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Day Is Dying in the West

Day is dying in the west / Heav'n is touching earth with rest Wait & worship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight / Thru all the sky

GCG-/ /DGDG/CGAD/A-D-

Holy, holy, holy / Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n & earth are full of thee

Heav'n & earth are praising thee / O Lord most high!

G - - -/- D G -/C - G -/D - G GGC/G D G -

Lord of life, beneath the dome / Of the universe, thy home Gather us who seek thy face

To the fold of thy embrace / For thou art nigh

— w: Mary A. Lathbury, 1877 — m: Wm. F. Sherwin, 1877

By permission of the Chautauqua Institution. In FiresB of FS & hymnals.

Douglas Mountain

Cedars are growin' on Douglas Mountain Cedars are growin' so high Cedars are growin' on Douglas Mountain Joinin' the earth to the sky (2x)

C - G C / D_{m7} G C - / D_{m7} G C EA_m D_{m7} G₇ C - / G₇ - C -

Snows are a-fallin' on Douglas Mountain Snows are a-fallin' so deep Snows are a-fallin' on Douglas Mountain Puttin' the bears to sleep (2x)

Trimmin' the wicks on Douglas Mountain Shinin' my chimney so bright / Trimmin'... So God can bring the night (2x)

Sun's goin' down on Douglas Mountain Nights are so long & so cold / Sun's... And I am feelin' old (2x)

And I am feelin' old (2x)

— w: Arnold Sundgaard — m: Alec Wilder

TRO © 1965 & 1988 Hampshire House Publishing Corp. & Ludlow Music, Inc, NY, NY. International copyright secured. Made in USA. All rights reserved incl. public performance for profit. Used by permission. — On Raffi More Singable S & in his Singable SB & on Priscilla Herdman Stardreamer. In SOI 38:3 & V Fav of the V Young (WAS).

Erev Ba

Shuv haeder noher, bimvu-ot hak' far Ve-oleh ha-avak, mishviley afar Vehar-cheyk od tzemed inbelim Milavey et meshech hatz-lalim Erev ba, erev ba

C D_m G C / - D_m G E F GC / D_m G / CF D_mG C -

Shuv haruach locheysh, ben gidrot genim Uv'tzameret hebrosh, Kver namotyoim Vehar-cheyk, al ketef hagva-ot Od noshkot karnayim achronot Erev ba, erev ba

LULLABIES

Shuv havared holem, halomot balat U'forchim tochavim, bamerom 'at at Veharcheyk ba'emek ha' afel Melaveh hatanet bo halel Layil rad, layil rad

- trad. (Israel)

On Welcome to Israel (T605), The Best of Israeli FDances (T645), Israel's Gr H (T604) & Bikel Harv of Israeli FS. In Gr S of Israel, The Isr Guitar B & Cassette (T605), Fav Hasidic & Isr Melodies for the Young Pianist. Trans: "Again the flock is flowing towards the outskirts of the city, billows rise from the dusty paths & far away a couple of bees still greet the coming of the shadows. Evening comes/ Again the wind whispers between the fences of the gardens & in the tops of the firs doves are already resting. And far away the last rays still kiss the shoulders of the hills/ Once again the rose dreams secretly. Stars blossom above in the heavens slowly, slowly. In the dusky valley the coyote goes out to greet the coming of the night. Night has descended."

God Bless the Moon (I See the Moon)

I see the moon & the moon sees me God bless the moon & God bless me There's grace in the cabin & grace in the hall And the grace of God is over us all

ED E ED E / / E - A - / B₇ - ED E

I see the moon & the moon sees me The moon sees the somebody I want to see God bless the moon & God bless me And God bless the somebody I want to see

— new words & music by Jean Ritchie

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11050. On Jean Ritchie At Home. @H50



Goodnight, Irene

Irene goodnight, Irene goodnight Goodnight Irene (2x) I'll see you in my dreams

(in 3/4) E B7 - E / EE7 A B7 E

Sometimes I live in the country, sometimes I live in town Sometimes I have a great notion to jump into the river & drown

Quit ramblin' & quit gamblin', quit stayin' out late at night Stay home with your wife & family, sit down by the fireside bright

I asked your mother for you, she told me you was too young I wished to God I'd never seen your face, I's sorry you ever was born

I love Irene, God knows I do, I'll love her til the seas run dry And if Irene turns her back on me, I'd take morphine & die

You cause me to weep, you cause me to mourn, you cause me to leave my home

But the very last words I heard her say was Please sing me one more song"

Foxes sleep in the forest, lions sleep in their dens Goats sleep on the mountainside & pigs sleep in pens

Whales sleep in the ocean, zebras sleep on land Hippos sleep by the riverside & camels sleep on sand

Coyote sleeps in the canyon, a birdie sleeps in a tree And when it's time for me to rest my bed's the place for me

— Huddie Ledbetter & John A. Lomax (new v. Raffi & Debi Pike) TRO © 1936 (renewed 1964) & 1950 (renewed 1978) Ludlow Music, Inc, NY, NY. International copyright secured. Made in USA. All rights reserved incl. public performance for profit. Used by permission. — On Weavers Together Again, Reunion 1963 & Gr H, H Near & R Gilbert Lifeline, Patrick Sky Thru a Window & Ry Cooder Chicken Skin Music. On & in) Pete Seeger Am Fav Bals V3 & Sings Leadbelly. In Those Were The Days These Are The S, Best S fr the Lomax Coll, 110 S of Nostalgia, Treas of FS, Raffi Singable SB, Gr Legal FakeB, Life of the Party, Gold Era of Nost M V3 & Lomax FS of NAm.

TRAVELING

One More Step

One more step along the world I go (2x) From the old things to the new Keep me traveling along with you

And it's from the old I travel to the new Keep me traveling along with you

F#m G - D / - A DG D

'Round the corners of the earth I turn More & more about the world I learn All the new things that I see You'll be looking at along with me

As I travel thru the bad & good Keep me traveling the way I should Where I see no way to go You'll be telling me the way, I know

Give me courage when the world is rough Keep me loving tho' the world is tough Leap & sing in all I do / Keep me traveling...you

You are older than the world can be You are younger than the life in me Ever old & ever new / Keep me...

- Sydney Carter © 1971 by Stainer & Bell, Ltd. Used by permission of Galaxy Music Corp, NY, NY, sole US agent. — In his Green Print for Song. OY45

Paddy on the Railway

In 18 hundred & 41 I put me corduroy breeches on I put me corduroy breeches on To work upon the railway



Filly-me-oori-oori-ay [Patsy-ori-ori-ay] (3x) To work upon the railway (last line of each v.)

In 18 hundred & 42 I left the Old World for the new Bad cess to the luck that brought me thru To work upon the railway

When Pat left Ireland to come here And spend his latter days in cheer His bosses they did drink strong beer While Pat worked on the railway

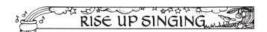
It's "Pat, do this!" & "Pat, do that!" Without a stocking or cravat And nothing but an old straw hat To work upon the railway

And when Pat lays him down to sleep The wiry bugs around him creep And the divil a bit can poor Pat sleep While working upon the railway

In 18 hundred & 43 'Twas then I met sweet Biddy McGee And an ilegant wife she's made for me While working on the railway

In 18 hundred & 46 They pelted me with stones & sticks And I was in wan hell of a fix From working on the railway

In 18 hundred & 47 Sweet Biddy she died & went to Heaven If she left one child, she left 11 To work upon the railway



In 18 hundred & 48 I learned to take me whisky straight 'Tis an elegant drink & can't be bate For working on the railway

II: D - / A - / D - / A D II

— trad. (US)
aka: "Patsy-ori-ori-ay." On Sam Hinton The Real McCoy (Decca). In S
Fest & FiresB of FS. OY47

Rock Island Line

I say, the Rock Island Line is a mighty good road I say, the Rock Island Line is the road to ride O the Rock Island Line is a mighty good road If you want to ride you got to ride it like you find it Get your ticket at the station on the Rock Island Line

Jesus died to save our sins

Glory be to God, gonna need him again

A-B-C, double X-Y-Z

Cat's in the cupboard but he can't see me

Little Evelina sitting in the shade Figuring on the money I ain't made

I may be right & I may be wrong I know you're gonna miss me when I'm gone

- new w & m arrangement by Huddie Ledbetter

- edited with new addl material by Alan Lomax

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Sailing Down this Golden River

Sailing down this golden river, sun & water all my own Yet I was never alone

Sun & water old life givers, I'll have you where'ere I roam And I was not far from home

Bm Em A / D Em A D - : |

Sunlight glancing on the water, life & death are all my own Yet I was never alone

Life to raise my sons & daughters, golden sparkles in the foam / And I was not far from home

Sailing down my winding highway, travelers from near & far Yet I was never alone

Exploring all the little byways, sighting all the distant stars / And I was not far from home

- Pete Seeger

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Starlight on the Rails

I can hear the whistle blowing High & lonesome as can be Outside the rain is softly falling Tonight it's falling just for me

C G / - C / F C / G C

Looking back along the road I've travelled The miles can tell a million tales Each year is like some rolling freight train And cold as starlight on the rails

G C/ /CF C/G C

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